

## The Truth

Lil Rob

Hey, what's up? It's the homie Lil' Rob  
Back to clear some shit up, you know  
People be stealing my shit  
And making money off it  
And you know who you are

Hey, Mr. Postman?  
Do me a favor  
Deliver the letter  
The sooner the better  
Blew you vatos away, like a feather  
Familia Records, chale, whatever  
People don't know, and I'm not one to talk  
But I gotta clear my name, for the shit that you drop  
Little Rob "Still Smokin'" Homie, who the fuck you joking?  
Burning raza with my name, use your brain, your insane  
It's a shame and not a shay, to be a lame  
Are you raza? No! Then change what you claim  
Be proud of who you are, and not who you wanna be  
I don't wanna work with you!  
Why do you wanna work with me?  
I'm not your artist!  
So, forget it's on them  
If their not making you money  
And your broke it's on them  
But, to take the shit the way you did  
You remind me of a jealous little desperate kid  
No llores

No llores  
You wonder why I broke left  
If I woulda stayed  
I woulda left broke (simon)

You wonder why I broke left (you wonder why)  
If I woulda stayed  
I woulda left broke (I woulda left broke)

No llores  
You wonder why I broke left (you wonder why)  
If I woulda stayed  
I woulda left broke (simon)

You wonder why I broke left (you wonder why)  
If I woulda stayed  
I woulda left broke (And that's no joke)